building has five main storeys, increased

## The Waves Were Weary.

BY FATHER RYAN.

The waves were weary, and they went t The winds were hushed, The starlight flushed wed face of all the mighty deep,

The billows, yester eve, so dark and wild,
Wave strangely new—
A caim upon their brow,
Like, that which rests upon a cradled child.

The sky was bright, and every single star, With gleaming face, Was in its place, And looked upon the sea—so fair and far. And all wasstill—still as a temple dim— When low and faint, As Mourner's plaint, Died the last note of the Vesper hymn.

A bark slept on the sea, and in the bark
Blept Mary's son—
The only One
Whose Face is light! where all, all else thank

Whose brow was heavenward turned, His face was fair; e was fair;
He dreamed of me
On that still sea—
s He made gleamed through His hair

And, lo! a mosn moved o'er the mighty deep.
The sky was dark!
The little bark
Felt all the waves awakening from their The winds wailed wild, and wilder billow beat:

The bark was tossed; Shall all be lost? But Mary's Son slept on, serene and sweet.

The tempest raged in all its mighty wrath,
The winds howled on,
All hope seemed gone,
And darker waves surged round the bark's
lone path.

The sleeper woke! He gazed upon the deep— He whispered: "Peace! Winds-wild waves, cease! Be still!" The tempest fled—the ocean fell

And, ah! when human hearts by storms are When life's lone bark
Drifts through the dark,
And 'mid the wildest waves where all seems

He now, as then, with words of power and peace,
Murmurs: "Stormy deep,
Be still—still—and sleep!"
And, lo! a great calm comes—the te
perils cease.

## THE TWO BRIDES.

BY REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, L.D.

CHAPTER VI. "THE LOYERS' LEAP."

With the pictures that their eyes had seen.
As still from point to point that history And round their thoughts its painted veil Their hearts were softened—far away they

That other world, that, 'neath another law, Had lived and died." Had lived and died."

"You remember, Mr. Montgomery,"
Hiswassee began, "the palmetto branches we picked up—your brother, yourself, and I—in a little bay on the northwest coast of Ireland, more than thirty years ago?"
"Perfectly," replied Mr. Montgomery.
"And your keen eye detected in the floating of the proof."

ing drift the growth of our own far off Florida and Carolina coast."
"Just so," said the chief. "It had been borne thither in the mighty ocean current that brings a mild temperature and fer tility to the westernmost isles of Europe tility to the westernmost isles of Europe. Even so is it with the legends that float down the stream of tradition, repeated by one generation to another. They had their origin among a race which has totally disappeared, or only left a few melancholy remnants behind. And the social world quite removed, in religion and customs, from the world in which such tales are heard with wonder or incredulity.

"The French, who preceded the English among our native mountain tribes, looked upon this most picturesque rock with as-tonishment, and from the imperfectly un-derstood account of their Indian guides made out one romatic story while their successors, the English, have adopted another. The truth is, that the natives themselves varied in their versions of the

themselves varied in their versions of the original legend.

"Here, then, is the touching tale that was told me in childhood. The first Europeans who visited our secluded upland rivers and valleys were Spaniards, who had come with Columbus on his second voyage to the New World, and who, in a small but compact body of explorers struck inland from the coast of and melody, he recounted this brief tale struck inland from the coast of Gulf of Mexico, following the course of the Chattahoochee, forming friendly alliances with the then powerful native tribes, and seeking for gold mines till they were led to stop on the western side of the Blue Ridge. There they found, in more than one place, the traces of precious ore, and settle down to form a permanent mining colony. Indeed, the fragments of pure gold picked up at the surface by the adventurers were of such a size as to fill their imaginations with prospects of unbounded wealth.

You, my friend, have often visited with me the stupendous shafts which still remain as the silent but eloquent witnesses of the energy and enterprise of these early Spaniards. It is a lovely country, as you know, and shut in as it was by the interlocking mountain ranges from easy access to ordinary explorers, the settlers resolved to make it their permanent abode, keeping the secret of their wealth and their new home safe from the curiosity of all, even their own families, till these had safely arrived on the banks of the Hiawas-

safety arrived on the banks of the Hawas-see, their blissful Eldorado.
"With extreme precautions, wives and children were brought from Spain or the West India colonies to this golden paradise amid our Appallachian hills, and several years claused in efforts to make the goldamid our Appalacinan films, and several years elapsed in efforts to make the gold-bearing earth give up its treasures. Meanwhile the greed which possessed them induced them to divide their numbers and

and all over the southwestern portion of the continent a bitter hostility toward the

white man.
"The settlements on the Appallachian
single day. plateau were destroyed in a single day. Of the few who escaped from the massacre at first two young people—lovers, some call them, husband and wife, according to others, brother and sister, according to the most trustworthy tradition—were saved for a time by the friendly hand of a

aved for a time by the friendly hand of a half-Christian family.

"They had been enticed from their father's home by the kind artifice of their protectors, and taught the way to the Swennanoa Gap, and thence to the most favorable point of the Blue Ridge, where they should find themselves among peaceful Indians, and have a chance of reaching the coast in safety. They had disguised ful Indians, and have a chance of reaching the coast in safety. They had disguised themselves as Indians; but as their road lay amid a labyrinth of mountains, valleys, and rivers, where every man, woman, and child was their deadly foe, their only chance of escape lay in avoiding every human habitation, and seeking the wildest, the most unfrequented and dangerous paths through the forest and the hills.

"With infinite precautions, and after having endured superhuman privations and terrors worse than death, they had arrived on the banks of the Tselica, and, arrived on the banks of the Tselica, and, from the precise information given them by their protectors, they knew that they had only to trace the river to its course in the eastern hills, or to follow it down to its conjunction with the Swannanca, and then trace this stream to the sand when it then trace this stream to the spot where it

then trace this stream to the spot where it breaks through its mountain, and they should be out of all immediate peril.

"Near the foot of Mount Pisgah they stumbled on a band of hunters, who led them to their village, after discovering who they were. An old warrior in the band, who had formerly received more than one kindness from the Spanish colonists, freed them during the night. They succeeded in eluding for several days the succeeded in eluding for several days the pursuit of their foes, and had reached this very neighborhood, when their pursuers found their trail. Upwards of two hun-dred warriors, divided into bands, had set found their trail.

out after them.
"The brave-hearted young Spaniare had spared for his sister the prepared food with which they had set out. The fire-arms which he carried he did not dare to use in procuring game, lest he should thereby afford a clue to their watchful pursurers. It was only when he had reached this spot, the deep ravine below, and with the river only between him and the hoped-for means of escape, that his loaded musket was discharged by accident. It was only when he had loaded musket was discharged by accident.
The report was answered by the warwhoops that every hill around seemed to
take up and repeat like an infernal chorus.
Bearing his exhausted and wearied sister
in his arms, the undaunted youth scaled
this very height, scanning, as he threaded this very height, scanning, as he threaded his way through the forest, every tree and rock and clump of undergrowth, for the concealed form of a foe. At length he stood on this rock, with the broad river eneath, and the momentary but friendly shelter of these trees and brushwood to conceal his half insensible companion and himself from the bloodhounds that were

closing in upon them. "On they came. Crouching behind a lofty rock, which then formed the topmost portion of the cliff, with the swift current burning on at its cover for the cliff. urrying on at its very foot, the Spaniard deposited his sister in a crevice between two fragments of granite, and with his finger on the trigger, watched for the appearance of the hunters. One after another fell, mortally wounded, from his unerring aim. At last night fell on the unequal contest The brother, it is said, when the friendly darkness had come, seized his loved com-panion in his arms, and sprang into the deep waters below. The Indians, thus cheated of their prey, heard the plunge and searched in vain, both during the night and the next day, every cranny of rock and every eddy along the banks of the Tselica for the bodies of the supposed lovers. But the stream, more merciful than the men who dwelt on its shores, gave an inviolable asylum to the heroic

pair, the martyrs, it may be, of their bap-tismal faith, the martyrs, certainly, of the love that binds devoted brother to angelic see, as, in a voice full of singular depth and melody, he recounted this brief tale of wholesale massacre and rentless pursuit of the sole surviving young victims. Rose, whose arm was around the clinging form of the sickly and sensitive girl, felt her shudder again and again as the Chero-kee gravely described the perils which closed like a net around the poor fugi-tives. When the catastrophe came, Lucy burst into an uncontrollable fit of weep-

ing.
"I am really sorry to distress Miss Hutchinson," Hiawassee said with evident concern. "She bears a brave heart and a great soul in a feeble frame. But I have known the weak and sickly sapling to grow up into the robust and stately tree." "So will our dear young friend," Mr. Montgomery replied. "We may yet live long enough to see her become in her turn support and comfort of our dear

"I hope you are a true prophet, Uncle Richard," said the latter young lady, as she bent down to kiss the pale face that hid itself on her shoulder. "I know how lovingly my Lucy would return with inerest all the comfort I may have given

"Well," said Gaston, jumping suddenly to his feet, and with an arch look at Gene-vieye, "I suppose we are not likely to have such tragic scenes ever again renewed in our peaceful vall-ys."
"Not while sisters have such watchful

from making another lovers' leap," added Gaston. "Come, Viva; come, Rose!" he continued, "do you know it is five o'clock? We have forgotten the flight of time as we listened to Hiawassee's musicial voice and fascinating tale."

"I am ready," said Rose, springing to her feet. "Only let me take one look at the glorious landscape, and from as near the brink as possible. I may never see all this again."

this again."
"That shall you, Cousin Rose!" ex

claimed Duncan, who now came forward, hat in hand, and presented the fair girl with a fragrant nosegay of wild flowers he had been picking up before Hiawasse had

had been picking up before Hiawasse had begun his narrative.

"Is this for Viva, Cousin Duncan," she said, as she took the nosegay from him, "to remind her that earth is too sweet to be parted with yet? Or is it destined for Lucy? For here are forget-me-nots from the brook yonder, and that is the flower sacred to St. Lucy."

"That is for you to determine," Duncan replied, with a bow.

Thus passed the afternoon of that day for the old men, who looked upon the forms and faces of the innocent young folks, so dear to them—as they looked with prophetic eyes on the glorious nature spread out before them, and tried also to peer into the darkening horizon of the future, over which the war-cloud was fast gathering.

gathering. CHAPTER VII. FATAL MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN BROTHERS. Let it go or stay, so I wake to the highe

aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold.
And love of peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told:
And hall once more to the banner of battle
unrolled!"
Our light-hearted "mountainers" re-

Our light-nearted "mountaineers returned in good season to Fairy Dell, Gaston and his uncle having escorted Lucy Hutchinson to Fairview, and then rejoined the family at the Manor House during supper. It was a delightful meal. For supper. It was a delightful meal. For, as there were no strangers present, and Mr. Bingham being looked up to by all with a deep feeling of filial affection, he was considered to belong to the home-circle. So, hearts being at ease, and love loosening every tongue, the table became a scene of innocent merriment unrestrained. Francis D'Arcy would not have the thought of the approaching separation cloud, for a moment, this almost sacred reunion of his dear ones, rendered still more precious by the presence of his best more precious by the presence of his best of friends, and so he poured forth all the stores of the "native wit" which the first exiled D'Arcy had brought with him from the land of the Gael. Mr. Bingham, who was born there, had a rich fancy that was racy of the soil, and contributed a large share to the flow of soul and the play of

jest. Louis D'Arcy and his wife, in truth all Francis D'Arcy's children and grand-children, had imbibed from infancy, with the genuine love of the Green Isle, a no less genuine disposition to drollery and fun. And so, a stranger who should have chanced to enter, unobserved, that diningroom, and listened to the incessant ex change of joke and fun and laughable anecdote, might have fancied himself in anecdote, might have fancied himself in some privileged home on the banks of the Blackwater or the Shannon. The peals of laughter might be heard all over the grounds. Nor, when supper ended and the family passed into the drawing-room, did Mrs. D'Arcy allow this joyous spirit to calle down. The merriest songs in the calm down. The merriest songs in the family repertory were sung and encored, the good lady herself accompanying her husband—who always led on such occasions—and Mrs. Montgomery, and Rose accompany ing the younger gentlemen of the family. No one was allowed to remain voiceless in the general hilarity. Genevieve and Maud, and even little Mary, played and sang, and added not a little to the common enjoyment and delignt of their par-

Mr. D'Arcy and Mr. Bingham withrew quietly just at the moment when the mirth was loudest; little Mary singing, in the most amusing serio-comic tones, "Axes to Grind." The two friends had a very serious business to settle, which must be concluded that evening, and would not

be concluded that evening, and would not brook noise or interruption of any kind. So they withdrew to the chapel. Scarcely, however, had they disappeared from the happy circle, when old Rodrigo whispered in Mrs. D'Arcy's ear that Mr. Alexander, with two strange gentlemen, were in the reception-room, and requested

were in the reception-room, and requested to see Mr. Francis D'Arcy.

"Oh, Louis," she said to her husband, "is this another visitation of politicians P.

"I fear it is, my dear," he answered.

"We must give them welcome. But they shall have to wait for some time. Father cannot now be interrupted for any visitor even the President of the United States."
"Then go at once to them, dear Louis,"
he said, "and we shall do our best to en-

tertain them till father is ready to receive

em."
"Ah, me!" continued the happy wife and mother, with a sigh, as her husband and mother, with a sigh, as her left the room, "all these political intrigues and conferences seem to me to bode no good. Louisa, why can't we all go to Spain till this storm blows over, and leave the property here in the hands of some

trusty superintendent?"

"And close up the factory? and dismiss all your lumberers? and—," Mrs. De "I hope Mr. Bingham is not a sympamism of the per."

"I hope Mr. Bingham is not a sympamism of the per."

"I hope Mr. Bingham is not a sympamism of the per." aumont was repling.
'And go to ruin!" put in Mrs. Mont-mery. "Come down to Augusta, dear

And go to run! put in Mrs. Monry gomery. "Come down to Augusta, dear Mary; we shall not be disturbed by any war that may come. And Louis and the boys can remain here to see to everything."
"Oh, it is not the war that drives me to Europe," said Mrs. D'Arcy. "The war would rather make me stay by my husband's side, and in my own home, to watch over our poor people and share

watch over our poor people and share their fate. But I don't like this parting from you il," she continued, struggling to keep down the tears that would come in spite of the loud laughter around

"Must I leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave Thee, native soil, these happy walks and

Neither Mr. Alexander, however, nor Neither Mr. Alexander, however, nor Messrs. Pickney and Waldren, the South Carolina statesmen, could guess that the noble lady, whose courtly grace, warm smile, and interesting conversation added such a charm to her hospitality, felt so sore at heart. For she was to go from home, and away to far-off Andalusia, without her idolized husband! But she was a braye woman, who thought life did was a brave woman, who thought life did everything she deemed a duty with a fer-vent and almost joyous submission to the Divine Will

Divine Will.

Mr. Alexander, who knew a good deal about the intimate relations that bind a Catholic priest to the souls of those he guides in spiritual life, divined what kept Mr. D'Arcy so long in the chapel. He would fain have let off a few unacceptable

would fain have let off a few unacceptable jests on the subject, but Mrs. D'Arcys presence, and the stern look her husband fixed on the headlong speaker, forced him to reserve his wit for other company.

At length their host, thinking that he might without danger of intrusion inform his father of this new visit, went off to the chapel, while the gentlemen accompanied Mrs. D'Arcy to her father's private apartments. There they should enjoy absolute privacy, and there they begged to await patiently the old man's arrival.

The room itself was one to which few strangers had ever been admitted. But the weighty and urgent import of the mat-

the weighty and urgent import of the mat-ters to be discussed and decided, made it necessary that the meeting and the discussion should be most private. It was not a sion should be most private. It was not a spacious room, and its spare and quaint furniture was in striking contrast with the elegance, costliness, and exquisite taste of that which adorned every other part of the Manor House. Over Mr. D'Arcy's work-table, with its small collection of rare old books, hung a duplicate or most admirable copy of Christ at the Pillar, by Velasquez. This, indeed, together with a most beautiful old crucifix in ivory on a prie-dieu, was the only ornament in the prie-dieu, was the only ornament in the room. Ornament enough it was, however; for it arrested and charmed the spectator's for it arrested and charmed the spectator's gaze with an overpowering fascination. Bed there was none. A hard wooden couch opposite to this painting was covered with a bearskin, and a log of wood, with a slight hollow in the middle, served as a pillow. Ever since his wife's death, many years before, Francis D'Arcy had known we other hed

no other bed. "My father does not allow us either question or remonstrance," Louis D'Arcy said, on entering the room, to Mr. Pinckney, who was examining with wonder and curiosity the objects around him, "on this matter of personal austerity. He had imitated in this the example of his friend, Charles Waterton, the great naturalist, or Waterton had borrowed the practice from my father. For his room in Walton Hall is the counterpart of this. And when, on his last visit to America, Waterton came out here to see us, the two old gentlemen would have the same sleeping accommodations, rose together at midnight, were up and in the chapel before the earliest bird was astir in the wood.

"I remember Charles Waterton," Mr Alexander said; "a noble specimen of the old English gentleman, learned, practical, full of anecdote and jest, and an ardent admirer of the United States. He was as sound as a piece of old English oak; and so, for that matter, is your father."

"Ves indeed" replied Louis D'Arcy:

"Yes, indeed," replied Louis D'Arcy; "one would think in seeing these two men sit down with so hearty an appetite, and so bright and childlike a humor to their morning meal, that they had been speci-ally exempted from the common law of bodily infirmity. After breakfast they were off to the woods, Waterton climbing with prodigious agility every tree in which a bird nestled, and ferreting out with unerring instinct the retreats of our wild beasts and the haunts of our water-fowl. The afternoon was spent in the factories and workshops, where both gentlemen were warmly welcomed, knowing, as they did both, how to appreciate every sort of good work, and how to praise judiciously the workman."

"Is not Mr. Waterton still living?" Mr. Pinckney asked. "He is, and celebrates his seventy-ninth

birthday in June. My father hopes to be at Walton Hall on that occasion."

"Well," said Mr. Pinckney, "we regret our venerable friend's determination to travel abroad just at this moment. It is the advice and co-operation of such men as Mr. Francis D'Arey, and the sympathy of Englishmen like Charles Waterton, that we look forward to in the struggle about

to commence."
"Charles Waterton is no admirer of slavery," Louis D'Arcy answered. "As to my father, here he is to speak for him-

self. "Gentlemen, I have the honor to present to you my revered friend, Mr. Bingham," Francis D'Arcy said, as he introduced the clergyman. "He is too well ham," Francis D'Arcy said, as he intro-duced the clergyman. "He is too well accustomed to keep other men's secrets," he continued, with a smile, "not to keep our counsel on our meeting here to-night; although I fear he is, like myself, too much a man of peace to favor your purpose, Mr. Pinckney, and too little of the man of the world to appreciate your maxims of state policy, Mr. Alexander, or

thizer with the Nortnern random.

Mr. Waldron.

"I sympathize with no species of "I sympathize with no species of "Language the firm but gentle reply.

fanaticism," was the firm but gentle reply.
'I wish all American disputes to be settled by American methods, and for the best interests of all American subjects, no mat-ter what part of our broad domain they aim as their native place or their present

ity, you should all of you—men of the South, the North, the East, and the West—consider camly and conscientiously not so much the wrongs, real or imaginary, alleged by one State or section of States as against the others, as the best way of righting them without angry recrimination

or quarreling.
"I have watched the working of our Constitution," Mr. Bingham went on to say, "from its very infancy to the present hour, and have known, loved, and lived with the men who framed it. A constitution of the constitution of with the men who framed it. A constitu-tion for a federation of States such as ours, is like one of those stupendous pieces of machinery to be seen at our great industrial exhibitions. The tower aloft in a vast edifice filled with all the imaginable a vast edifice filled with all the imaginable mechanisms invented and perfected by modern science, and one of these master-pieces of human skill sets in motion the ten thousand machines that perform on every side, each one a work entirely differ-ent from its neighbor and from all the from its neighbor and from all the ent from its neighbor and from all the others. Ask the man who invented this gigantic and wonderful central motor on what principle reposes its working so smoothly, so surely, so constantly? He will tell you that it is on a system of comwill tell you that it is on a system of compromises and adaptations. Local wrongs or local rights, to be redressed, must not be urged with passionateness. For passion, in any system of household or political economy, is like a hard body thrown suddenly between the swift and smoothly moving pieces of a ponderous machine. It produces a jar and tends to cause a distribution of the whole. Consiliation of It produces a jar and tends to cause a dis-ruption of the whole. Conciliation, on the other hand, and timely concession are like the oil introduced to soften frinction and secure the quiet and effective working

"I fear, my dear sir," Mr. Alexander said, "that the extreme pretensions of both the slave-holding and the free States are now clashing so violently and so openly, that no one dares to speak any more of conciliation, concession, or compromise."
"Besides," Mr. Waldron added, "religion, which might have stepped in with success and acted in an emergency such as the present the part of conciliator, has been

the foremost promoter of strife. "Some ministers of religion, I grant you," "Mr. Bingham replied, "and some religious denominations, have been prominent in fanning the excitement about slavery. Not all, however, and not assuredly the Church to which I have the honor to belong, can be accused of raising or of helping to raise the present storm. Not that we approve of slavery, or the property of man in man, as founded on any natural infairing the form of the present storm. But inferiority of race; quite otherwise. But we would have the sweet doctrine of Christian brotherhood and the charities which it begets in practice, to be free to work here as it has worked in the World, by making the master treat his servant as a brother redeemed in the same

divine blood, called to stand with him at the same judgment-seat, and destined to the same eternal inheritance." "And that is precisely what we never admit," warmly answered Mr. Waldron. "Once for all, we must assert the natural inferiority and subjection of one race as a cardinal social doctrine, and the necessary and perpetual servitude of that same race as the fundamental condition of

our politician existence."
"The brotherhood of all men, and their equality in Christ as a social state toward which all are bound to tend, are a central belief in Christendom," rejoined Mr. Bingham. "To make slavery your cornerham. "To make slavery your corner-stone, is to attempt to rear a political edifice which will as surely bring down on the builders the wrath of heaven, as it fell on the architects of Babel! I cannot beyou mean to renew this

cal blunder." "We mean," said Mr. Waldron, "that the relations which exist between our slaves and us shall never again be subject to be disturbed within our own borders and we mean to protect, from the agita-tions and aggressions of all outside fanatics, the rights which the present Constitution

is powerless to protect."

"Oh, that is a quite different thing," replied the clergyman. "All law-abiding men would support you if you confined yourself to the defence of acknowledged rights; and religion would use her whole influence to prevent agitation or revolution, urging, meanwhile, the Christian conscience and the law of charity to go on silently and imperceptibly working out the freedom of the world.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## CARLING & CO.'S BREWERY.

Perhaps one of the largest enterprise in Canada carried on by one firm is that of the brewery of Messrs. Carling & Co. The quality of the articles they manufacture, and their straight forward mode of doing business, has been the means of extending the reputation of Carling's ale far beyond even the limits of the Dominion. The brewery is now in full operation, nearly all the damage done by the late fire having been repaired. In dealing with this firm our friends may rely on it that they are getting an article second to none made in Canada, and also that they will be dealt with in the most liberal manner. To show what outsiders thinks of this brewery, we append an article recently published in the Toronto Six months ago the news was flashed

over the wires to all parts of the country that the great brewery of Messrs. Carling & Company, of Losdon, Ontario, had been almost completely destroyed by fire.

The disaster, though scarcely so great as was at first feared—for by the almost rary office, which we have the almost complete the complete the complete the company of "Not while sisters have such watchird and adlalm brothers as you," said Hiawas-attent the work mines, in several place wide apart along the footbills of the eastern range. Thus scattered, and services where the place at any moment to be an inhibited.

"The fated day came for them, by what acause brought on, is still a mystery. There is no account of missionary work performed by them; rors it likely that it words on the performed by them; rors it likely that proved as considered as considered as a considered as a second and well-authenticated version of a lindan, wherever they planted their firsts. But I don't like this parting from your ill," she continued, struggling to keep down the tears that would come in spite of the loud laughter around the same that they are band-one, spacious, and the brown, and the ladian.

"The fated day came for them, by what cause brought on, is still a mystery. There is no account of missionary work performed by them; rors it likely that it was not been to do the president and wall the transmitted that there were almost on the president and wall the transmitted to the president and wall the transmitted to the president and wall the province of the restoring and pleant the town of place to the brown, and the large stand hone of place to the state that would come in spite of the loud laughter around the residue they are considered." "You condemn, therefore, such armed was soon of our soil as that committed by that arch-fatantic, John Brown, and the beaven was set to the tears that would come in spite of the loud laughter around rights and local institutions, which is now as it does not residue and the residue they are considered." "You condemn, therefore, such armed the committed by the speak of the restoring and provided in the tears that would come in spite of the loud laughter around in the provided in the transmitted by the speak of the president and the large from your like if all don't like this parting the life fate. But I don't like this parting the late of the tears that wou

to seven in the malting range. On the roof are two neat cupolas and a row of dormer windows, which add not a little to the appearance of the structure. The basement, which is very strongly built, is occupied by the stock cellar, the working cellar, the bottled cellar, and the stock ale vaults—severa in number—each sixty-five feet long, sixteen feet broad, and twelve feet high. The floors in the basement are of stone and brick, laid in concrete. are of stone and brick, laid in concrete.

A complete system of ventilation and drainage has been provided, so that these underground apartments are always kept fresh and sweet. The upper floors are supported on heavy iron columns, which spring from substantial stone foundations. It is not necessary here takes the reader through the saveral to take the reader through the several floors of the building and describe the vari-ous processes by which ale and porter are made; suffice it to say that the apparatus in Carling & Co.'s establishment are said to be equal, if not superior, to any other in Canada or in the United States. And this opinion applies also to the quality of the brewings and to the expedition with which these are made. Some idea of the manuthese are made. Some idea of the manufacturing capacity of the establishment can be gathered from the following:—At the time the brewery was burned the Company, as a matter of course, fell considerably behind in the matter of supplying their customers. So soon, therefore, as they got into running order again an effort was made to overtake their rapidly accumulating orders. From the 29th of April up to the 11th inst. the firm manufactured about 336,000 gallons of beer and pored about 336,000 gallons of beer and por-ter, or over 10,500 barrels. In some weeks they brewed as often as ten times. One of the reasons why Carling & Co. are able of the reasons why Carling & Co. are able to turn out such superior ale and porter is that they have an unlimited supply of pure spring water, sufficient in fact to run two such breweries as theirs is. The springs are in a pond opposite the brewery, and not more than sixty yards from it. This supply can be depended on summer

So far we have confined ourselves to that part of the building devoted to the manufacture of ale and porter; we now purpose saying something about lager beer and its manufacture by Carling & Co. Until within the last four years very little of this beautiful. of this beverage was consumed in Canada, but lately the demand has been enormous. All over the country it is getting as popular as it has been in the United States for the past eight or ten years. Lager beer seems to be the least intoxicating of any liquor, and as it forms a refreshing drink, especially during the hot weather, it has especially during the not weather, it has superseded to a very great extent the use of strong beer and ardent spirits. The lager beer brewing is carried on under the same roof with the ale and porter department, but it is entirely distinct from the latter. The building, as it has to support a burden of about 800 tons of ice besides its own weight, is very substantially built of stone and brick. Inside the walls is a of stone and brick. space of six inches which is filled with a double casing of wood filled in with shavings, the whole reaching a thickness of four feet. The doors are there are four pairs of sash in each win-dow. The great essential in the manufacture of this drink is coolness, and in order

to have an even, low temperature, large quantities of ice are stowered in the floor over the fermenting room. The stock-cel-lar, which is immediately under the fermenting-room, is also kept very cool by the ice which is piled above it to the depth of about twelve feet. The establishment is capable of turning out from 50,000 to 60,000 kegs annually. The quality of the nanufactured on this continent, and the demand is now very large. This depart-ment is under the charge of an experienc-ed brewer who has not only had the benefit of a German training, but has had a large experience in some of the more extensive establishments in the Ststes. Messrs. Carling & Co's brewery as now completed is a model institution of its kind. Indeed, the former building was

very nearly perfect, but in preparing the plans for the present structure many minor improvements have been added as the result of the last four year's experience. One remarkable feature is to be seen in the way heat is generated for driving the engines. Carling & Co. do not burn wood, neither do they use coal—they heat their steam boilers by means of the petroleum burner. This contrivance is petroleum burner. This contrivance is not only effective, but it is economical. The tar, which is the refuse of petroleum oil after distillation, is first placed in a reservoir at a convenient distance from the furnaces, from whence it is conducted through a pipe reaching into the about three feet. The tar will scarcely give forth any heat of itself, and this defect is remedied by introducing to it, by means of a small pipe inside that coveying the tar, a jet of steam. T effect of the steam on the is two-fold—it liquifies it, and it forces it under the boiler several feet. In this manner the tar is scattered into milthis manner the tar is scattered into millions of minute globules, and these igniting, form a powerful flame some ten feet in length. This flame the fireman can regulate at pleasure, or extinguish, by simply turning a cock. This novel contrivance is found to work most satisfactorily. A great convenience in connections torily. A great convenience in connection with the brewery is the telephone system, which has been established between various points with which speedy communication is desired, including the communication is desired, including the central office and Mr. Carling's residence. The apparatus is at present in the temporary office, which is located in the portion was at first feared—for by the almost superhuman exertions of the firemen and employees, one side of the building escaped —was yet extensive enough to paralyze for a time the operations of the firm. But the delay was very brief. Not a day was lost before the restoring and rebuilding was destroyed. So soon as the new offices in the main building have been was lost before the restoring and rebuilding was destroyed. So soon as the new offices in the main building have been the properties of the brewery not touched by the flames of the briefly was destroyed. So soon as the new offices in the main building have been to be used to be us